

Home Reading.

Birds at Dawn.

A lingering ache that will not change nor cease—
A dim entanglement of broken dreams—
Where false is true and truth a shadow seems—
Hark! through the maze glad melodies of peace!

Sing on, sweet birds, across the weary night;
And let the fulness of your throats refrain
Ere dawn may come from restlessness and pain,
Until the heavens break forth in hymns of light.

My happy birds, that herald in the day,
My heart shall make you answer, song for song;
What though your night and mine were twice
as long!

God's glorious sunshine laughs them both away.
—Marion L. Pelton, in Christian Union.

Editorial Correspondence.

VACATION NOTES: STREAM AND SURF.

I should be sorry to leave these pleasant vacation ways with any other than kind words for dear old Philadelphia. There is no more genial and solidly worthy place in the United States, nor is there one where they better understand the great art of living well. In Germantown there is a suburban population which for quiet culture and refinement may safely challenge comparison with any similar outlying region. There and in Chestnut Hill the traditions of the old families are carefully preserved. There, still, can be seen the Quaker coat and the Quaker bonnet—and the "thee" of the Friendly dialect is even now familiar to the ear. They are only about twenty minutes removed from the heart of the city, and soon the Pennsylvania R. R. will also tap that district, whose money now flows altogether into the coffers of the Reading R. R.—the great rival corporation.

A ride from Germantown over into Fairmount Park is easy to take, and very delightful. On both sides of the "romantic Wissahickon" the park now extends, and I turned my horse's head up the stream in order to visit a place dear to me for old times' sake.

You are at once in the woods. The broad road follows the windings of the water, and is overhung by the unfettered forest. Nothing has been done to vex or mar the harmonies of nature. The violet and the partridge berry are free to grow, and the visitor finds no artificial sign boards bidding him keep off the grass or refrain from plucking twig or flower. Of course, any wanton desecration is prevented, but the botanist can do as he will, and the stroller can walk where he pleases.

After a mile runs on this beautiful road, cool beneath the arching boughs, though the hot summer sun is pouring down its rays, the dense restfulness and alternations of light and shadow have been the charm of painter and poet since Philadelphia began. Charles Brockden Brown, one of the earliest American novelists, celebrated it years ago, and the "catfish dimmers" of the Wissahickon are in the memory of every well born resident of the City of Brotherly Love. As you follow the road along, its power to soothe and calm the spirit can be enjoyed more and more, with hardly a break to this lovely symphony of green tree, and gray rock, and blue glint of sky, and white splash of water.

We are making for Valley Green. Here stands the same old hostelry of my boyhood days—with its horse halter, pendant from the long, whitewashed cross-bar by the side of the road. Here are the same trees, whitewashed to just the same six feet of height as ever. Here is—suppose—the same catfish-and-waffle capacity as of old. Here are the swings and the boats of yore. But beyond Valley Green I know another place to which I yet press forward. It is a fountain by the side of the way. Into it a clear, full, suffering stream is pouring just as it began to pour forth in the sea. This is the fountain of youth, and I remember it when it was fresh and new. Above it is inscribed: PRO BOZO PUBLICO, and beneath ESTO PERPETUA. We halt and turn, for this is the usual limit of the conventional drive, and I have seen what I came to see—and it is flowing and sparkling, ever bright and ever pure.

Philadelphia, by the way, are fond of these pretty little devices. On a fountain in front of the old State House on Chestnut Street is the inscription: "GIVE US WATER THAT WE MAY DRINK." At the foot of Seventh Street is—or was—another with the motto, "LET YOUR FOUNTAINS BE DISPERSED ABROAD, AND RIVERS OF WATER IN THE STREETS"—an apt quotation from the Bible. But alas for the most fascinating and beautiful spot of all! It is in the park near the Falls of the Schuylkill, and on it are placed the words: "HE THAT DRINKETH OF THIS WATER SHALL THIRST AGAIN." And, up above, is the proper reference to the gospel of John. The last time that I saw it, it too sparkled and brightened in the light, but now it is dry, neglected, dusty, and forlorn. It preaches powerfully to me a little sermon of its own, on the emptiness of much that should be full of refreshment and of life.

As we trot back along the bank of the Wissahickon, retracing our steps, we reach again the point whence we diverged, and now we pursue the main stream to the Schuylkill. Here, too, are the ancient homes, emphatic with whitewash, and populous with plebeian life. Among them John is not in the least ashamed to appear in his shirt sleeves, and with his arm around Sarah's waist. Boats pass and repass. Happy voices can be heard singing. Children's laughter fills the air. It is a light-hearted, gladness, innocent spectacle; just the same through all these years that it is to-day. And thus we ourselves trot along, winding as the streams winds, and passing out at length upon the broad Schuylkill River, with the distant and more spacious park before us. But we turn sharply to the left, and go back through School Lane—so called from the old and famous academy which still flourishes near Green Street. Many of these names are suggestive, and I regret that they have been changed. Old Germantown's "Queen Lane" has become "Queen Germaine's," "Queen Street," and for one I feel that the alteration is prosaic. This now is School Street—no longer Lane—through which we are passing. But look rounder and you shall see the revolutionary white and buff, with the green blinds and so stately that I always think of the Continental soldiers at their best estate, and of some placid Quaker dame with her kerchief crossed upon her breast. These are the country places of famous old families, to whom this letter will not afford me the space to pay my due respects. And long may it be ere the Phil-

adelphia lawyer ceases to carry his green bag, or the Philadelphia housewife comes to rodden her brick pavement, or whiten her marble steps, and put gauze over her pictures, and "bow" her shutters in the scorching summer days. Yes, and long may it be before the old fashioned, stalwart integrity of her best merchants and best men becomes a tradition of the past.

Her influence is felt even in Atlantic City, which, with Cape May is her favorite watering place. In every cluster of faces you read "Pennsylvania," and the habits and customs to which a Pennsylvanian is addicted appear on every side. Wherefore it came about that again I turned my vacation footsteps toward the sea.

It was the day of the High Tide. We had taken the little narrow gauge railroad for South Atlantic City. There we beheld the "Elephant" in all his glory—constructed of scantlings and clapboards with a tin hide and a pair of cast iron eyes. He has a round window for each eye, and an occasional flat window serves to illuminate his interior. You go up by a narrow stair in one hind leg and come down by a narrow stair in the other, and you can take a rear view outward from a double window over the sandhills. His tail moreover is twenty feet long. On his back is a howdah—an observatory, to wit—and inside of him they try to make you buy shells and other truck and nonsense. He faces the sea and his trunk is plunged into a great flowerpot. He is certainly a sight to see, and when the waves shake all over, this was partially what determined us to go down and go home.

Another reason was that it was then only a little more than two o'clock, and the tide was above high water mark already and rising fast, with angry white breakers, before a northeasterly gale. It was well that we returned. In an hour or two the track was washed away in several places, and we should have been left forsaken among the sandhills, alone with the elephant, five miles from everything.

Our next venture was towards the sea. Atlantic City's highest point is at the junction of Pacific and South Carolina Avenues, and three feet above high water mark would rise beyond this great level. I really began to grow serious when the white surges came charging in, and the wind howled and blew them up upon the very streets, so that by actual measurement they advanced for seven hundred and twenty-five feet in one place toward the heart of the town. On South Carolina Avenue they came up beyond the Nuttall House—or a matter of some hundred and fifty feet—and this avenue is the city's highest ground, that can be found anywhere upon the island.

It was soon apparent that the tide and wind together were about to cut a cove into the shore at this point. Up above, in front of the Chalfonte and Hadden Hall, they were not suffering. But from North Carolina Avenue down to the Pier the waves were fast encroaching under a leaden sky and before a strong and fierce northeaster. The Ocean Pier was standing firm, but the breakers would run as high as the floor of the outer pavilion and pour across it—an elevation of twenty feet above the usual level. We could see the flying foam lines dashed and torn among the spires—and there were not many persons who were brave enough to stay on this insecure ledge, and see the devastation.

Colonel Howard, the proprietor, told us next day that he only trembled for its safety when the entire rattle of board walk and bathing houses came plunging down against it along the shore. Then for a little while he thought it was gone. We first took our station on the board walk near North Carolina Avenue. The Pier was about half past three, and already the waves were rushing in beneath us, and the promenade was half deserted. Here for a while the sight was grand. We could feel the strokes of the sea below us and could observe that it was running higher and higher every moment. For prudence sake we retreated towards South Carolina Avenue, and for a short time we saw in front of Richardson's baths, and next to us were the two-story house and well appointed quarters of the Lyons brothers. It began to grow ominous as we sat there. A shrewd sailor-like attendant climbed up and ripped the awning away with his knife. I remarked to Mr. Lyons himself that it looked as if they would have had work. He replied that probably some damage would be done—but I did not see him, nor indeed anybody, make any great effort to save stock or furniture until it had become quite too late.

We next retreated—for the water was splashing through the floor—into a crowd who occupied the jutting corner of South Carolina Avenue. But we were hardly seated before a cry arose, and the people sprang up and rushed to the front to see the board walk, where we previously stood, go down altogether. One man was on it at the time, whom I afterwards saw, very wet and hatless, making his way home.

The scene now became wild and people rapidly grew excited. The wind still blew and the waves made us feel unsafe on our corner. We therefore retreated again, this time to the porch of the Nuttall, and presently down went the entire corner, which we had deserted. Men, women, and children acted as if they were dazed or crazed. Some continued to stay by the very edges of the crumbling pavilions. Presently, with a splintering crash down came the front supports of the Lyons' building, a house of fairly good size, and painted a light green, and before I fell the electric light pole. The house bent and swayed and sank to its knees in the surf. Some more staggering blows and it crouched lower and lower. A great sea plunged in and shivered at one stroke the back claspboards. Another came and lifted and hurled it away south. Then others came and beat it into kindling wood as it tossed up and down.

The view which we had was intensely exciting. Here came wagons for goods, driven through the water to the back of the bathing houses—not with a frantic haste, but with a pathetic sort of hopeless deliberateness. And now over falls the Richardson flagstaff. It strikes as it falls and the cap snaps like a pipe stem from the bowl, and the main staff breaks in the middle with a brittle crack. Here comes a bathing proprietor, a woman, straight through the shallow water. She gains her porch next to the sea, and there—to the best of my belief—she sits down. Perhaps that saved the houses—for they were standing after the storm. A crowd is now upon the Nuttall porch, and our ladies are uneasy. Water is underneath and the thing shakes. A gentleman comes and fetches his wife away by downright force, asking her if she intends to be a fool and be killed with the rest. She, very red and very angry, retorts that there is no danger. To whom he declares in turn that the porch is giving way.

We also retreat again, and by the generous courtesy of Mrs. Sweeney, of the

Jackson House, we are permitted to go upon the second story piazza to see the rest of the devastation. She could hardly have given us a better impression of her good natured self, and her neat and well appointed house, if she had tried all imaginable methods. For this was evidently the last thing she was thinking about at the time, but we could not help noticing as we did not forget.

From this secure coigne of vantage we now observed what followed. We were out of the hurry and rush, and hence were able to calmly note what passed. It was about half past four, and high water was at five forty-five. But already the wind had shifted and blew very nearly from the north, thus carrying the swell off shore. No more sea came into the beach, and the water, which further went on was, consequently, that which resulted from the undermining of the frail structures and their gradual falling. We saw but little damage after this. People still pressed impatiently to the front. One woman, in particular, stood balanced on a small log with her dress in her hand. Her feet must have been very wet. Another lost her way and went calmly through the puddles up to her knees, and when she found her error, came just as calmly back again. One gentleman with a white high hat and a closely buttoned Chesterfield coat worked like a hero and came off afterward in a boat, looking as neatly as if he had stepped out of a bandbox. But there were really very little which the bathing women and their various volunteers (clad in all garbs) could accomplish, except to save a few of the goods. It was looked upon as a fatality and accepted in much the same spirit. I saw absolutely nothing of the wild excitement which led people to go to sea on the roofs of their houses—as some exceedingly good correspondents declared. I heard but little shouting. It is true there were great rashness and many people were evidently highly aroused, and talked loudly, and pushed about into dangerous places. The trembling ruins of Lyons' pavilion was as black with them as a country kitchen wall with flies. Or for the big-ure is more expressive, disorderly swarms and hags on like bees on the precarious front of a hive. Yet there was no one killed and no one was even injured—strange as it may appear.

Of course the scene, after the flood was over and when the tide went out, was bad enough. The board walk was gone in many places. Pavilions were broken away. The fronts of bathing houses were torn down, and the various wares and goods at South Carolina Avenue, and the damage was there the greatest. But from the Pier, next day (Thursday, Aug. 30), there was little vestige of the disaster. The riff-raff of boards and broken wreckage was piled into the street ends, where it had been dragged. If there were articles of value cast adrift, they had been gathered up. There was nothing disorderly or lawless about the crowd at any time. On the other hand, it was noticeable that the expressions you heard were those of sympathy for the poor people who had lost their property. I remarked especially that there was no obstructing those who labored, and that there was no lack of willing hands to help in removing goods. I doubt if the entire loss could possibly aggregate over six thousand dollars.

And yet, such waves have never been known on the coast, and had the north-easter continued, the flood would have risen over the ridge and covered the town, to the great loss of everybody. The way in which the West Jersey pier was swept away, shows how easily light spilling will succumb.

But the correspondents all broke loose and told how the damage was \$200,000, and how people floated out and back again on their wrecked houses; and how the Pier was crowded with spectators; and how the throng shouted and yelled in the wildest excitement. These be all lies—every last one of 'em! The crowd was remarkably quiet and orderly, and did not do much rushing around and we were where we looked down upon it in the very focus of the ruin. The Pier had a very moderate band of visitors, and they all kept well in towards the shore, ready to run like the celebrated Samuel Hill, if there was any danger. The only things that perished in the way of good carpenter work were the two conspicuous idiots' houses—which was a cheap frame enough. I saw a photograph house and one or two similar buildings twisted around and skewed in shore. If the photographer was on his roof he must have been careful of his skylight, which had not an atom of damage until he broke a pane in prying it up. If the other people were on their roofs, they were equally careful, if they hoped to do any good. I saw about a dozen persons on roofs, but they were straddling the tops of bath houses, and appeared uncomfortable enough in earning their outlook at such a cost! In short, the Atlantic City Times and the Atlantic City Review were having a game of it against each other, and sending paying dispatches to the New York and Philadelphia papers. Somebody ought to send the same Scripture tract to the subject of falsehood, together with that cheerful moral song of Dr. Watts—

"There is a dreadful hell."

by way of practical comment. I cannot easily believe that good journalism subsists on such a basis. And so ends this series of vacation letters, until another occasion draws this correspondent forth from the editorial sanctum (which is really a place) and from the editorial desk (which truly has an existence). If any of my readers have followed me with half the pleasure that I have taken in renewing these happy memories, they have been made glad many times. I suppose I could have communicated these things to them in a more sober and sedate fashion—but I doubt whether they would have cared to read those dignified sentences! Therefore I have written as the spirit moved me—wherever I happened to be, and however I happened to feel. And if you ever saw worse penmanship, why, I'll give you all of it that you can bring!

S. W. D.

Of all the nuisances in a public meeting, the man who saves time is the worst. Everything goes on smoothly until he rises like a volcano and utters remarks in his beguiling manner. "Mr. Chairman: In order to save time, I—etc." He wastes ten minutes in laying bare his splendid scheme, and then an hour or more goes to the dogs in arguing, suggesting, moving, and amending; and ten chances to one after a whole evening has been frittered away, all to save time, the meeting has to reconsider the whole business and go to work and argue what it has to do in the way it would have done but for the time saving exercise on the fair fame of humanity, and which might but for him have been done in five minutes. When a man talks of saving time at a public meeting, beware of him.

[FOR THE BLOOMFIELD CITIZEN.]

Paddy's Day Dream.

Me name is Patrick Maloney,
From Ballynascogan I came,
I lived all my life in a shanty,
Me father and mother the same.

—And an illigant shantee it was, wid a round square hole in the roof for achim-bly, and niver a windy excript the door, that was always open to make it convenient for the pigs and chickens; and all the stove we had was three sticks, and a bit of a chain to hang the kettle on to bile the praties and the tay.

I left Biddy darlin behind me,
To cross the great water so blue,
Big good-bye to the pigs and the chickens,
And farewells to ould Ireland too.

—Arrah! but Biddy was a daisy. She had two cheeks on her like the full moon. She niver wore any shoes, bekase they wud make them big enough, but wint always barefooted like the ducks.

When I first set me fut in the country,
I was all myself, sure I was,
If any bees axin' your Duricair,
Just say your's a good Duricair.

—For that's the party that's goin' to carry the nix election (at last that's what they say themselves), so I think I'll be after seeing Mr. Kelly to see would he give me an office like the Sheriff, or—maybe he'd give me a big contract to pave the city of the loikes of that, for whin the Duricairs gets on top again, we're all to have some jointie office (especially the Irish adharers).

—Sure then I'll be makin' me fortune,
And live like a lord in the land.
I'll be makin' ould Biddy a lady,
And dress her in all the new fashin.

—Faix, whin I get plenty of money,
I'll build me a foine house eleven stories high,
And have a big planny, and send the byes to college and the girruls to boarding school, and have a lot of wine and whiskey, and a pair of two-twenty trotters, do you mind!

By and by I'll be grown ould and feeble,
And be thinkin' that I've had me fill,
I'll be tarin' me toes to the daisies,
But first I'll be makin' me will.

—See, could I make a will now! I, Patrick Maloney, all the way from Ballynascogan, do attest that all men know by these presents, that I bein in sound health and in good spirits, do declare, henceforth, hereafter, and hereby, this to be my last will, according to the latest revised version of the will act of the State of New Jersey, to wit: I do hereby bequeath to my darlin' wife Biddy, I leave half of me real estate, provided she don't marry again inside of three months. If she does I leave it all to her, for the poor onadown that gits her will want something to comfort her.

To my eldest son, Tim, I leave all the spades, and picks, and shovels, and wheelbarrows I used at me big job of paving the streets. This will set him up for a contractor. To me other eldest son, Pat, I leave all the whiskey in the cellar, to start him in a corner saloon, provided he can git a dozen dirty rascals that don't care for the good or the general community to sign his license. To me youngest son, Barney, I leave all me personal property, to be sold at auction, and the money applied to educate him for a politician. To me five girruls I leave the big planny, to make a livin' wid. To Dennis Mahoney—the big blackguard that blacked me eye at Muldoon's picnic—I leave me blackthorn stick; and may it git him in such a row as will leave him wid a broken head. To all the worruld and the rest of mankind, I leave the basties in the field, the birds in the air, the fishes in the sea, and the free air of Heaven.

I leave fifty dollars for the defence of O'Donnell for killing Carey the traitor. I leave the Duricair party a bit of advice, namely, Nicer reckon your chickens before they break the shell, and Don't run the ould ticket. The second time is never as good as the first.

To them black Republicans I leave a bit of wisdom: Kape the best men to the front. To all the towns and villages, I leave a satisfaction, that niver harms anybody: Kape down the taxes. To the business men and producers of the country, I leave a little philosophy: Don't go it too strong in seasons of prosperity, and don't get too blue whin adversity darkens the prospect. To all young men me advice is, save a little. If ye have but eight dollars me advice is, save one of them. To the countrymen who are fighting for the rights and wrongs of ould Ireland, me advice is, lave the country to take care of itself and come to Ameriky, the land of peace and plenty, where a man can spread his wings and attain the position among his equals that his Creator intended should be his portion. All the above I leave in the hands of me administrators, to be executed according to the forms of law and justice. And if I live to the day I die (fate only knows if I will or not) me sowl shall see ould Ireland before it leaves Ameriky.

Signed and sealed,
PATRICK MALONEY X his mark.

A Poor Cure for Insomnia.

A California man troubled with insomnia, and that he would not be cured by going to bed, closing his eyes, and picturing in his mind a flock of sheep jumping a fence one at a time. The experiment nearly made him insane.

"I jumped about 2,000 over the fence," he says, "and there were about 1,000,000 left. Sleep! I'd given \$1,000 not to see those sheep jump that fence. I could have gone to sleep right away but for that 2,000,000 stupid white-faced sheep standing waiting like a lot of fools for me to jump them over the fence. Jump 'em, did I say? I had to boost 'em, hoist every one of those 6,000,000 sheep over that pasture fence, and when I turned and looked back there were 13,000,000 sheep, stupid, blank-faced, white, woolly imps waiting there, each saying, 'Me, too; my turn next.'—Boston Globe.

"PA, dear, we are going to Saratoga this summer, are we not?" The McGlories are going. "Saratoga? Huh! If business is picky, we shall go into the rut. That won't be much of a summer resort."

An Arkansas editor, in retiring from the editorial control of his newspaper, said: "It is with a feeling of sadness we retire from the active control of this paper; but we leave our journal with a gentleman who is abler than we are, financially, to handle it—a gentleman well known in this community. He is the sheriff."

"SHARRY" said a Canal Street clothier to his son recently, "mark up everything a car-worther of a toller, and I put out a sign, 'Trade tollers taken here vor a hundred cents.'"

EVERY woman who wants to marry goes in for protection. After that she believes in free trade—at the dry goods store.

Could Afford It.

"Boss, does yer wanten buy a ham?" asked a negro of a white man.
"What is it worth?"
"Well, as it's yersef, yer may take it fur fifty cents."

"That won't do. You can afford to sell it for less, for I believe you stole it, anyhow."

"Boss, doan' 'cuse me so rash. Have a little mussy 'bout yer pusson. But, I sell yer, boss, if yer won' say nothing 'bout it, I'll let yer hab it fur forty cents."

The white man agreed, and paid over the amount. The negro, just as he crossed the street, was accosted by an acquaintance, who said:

"What did yer let dat man hab dat ham so cheap for?"
"Oh, I could 'ford it, 'cause I stole it outen his own smoke-house.—Arkansas Traveller.

LEGAL NOTICE.

SSEX COUNTY CIRCUIT COURT.—Between Mary A. Cuff, complainant and Bridget Broderick et al., defendants. One notice. It appearing to the court that Thomas Broderick, the mortgagee in the bill of complaint in this cause, is deceased, and that Hannah Cusick and George Saunders are the only persons related to said Thomas Broderick of whom the complainant has been able to get any information, and that his other heirs or devisees, if any he have, are wholly unknown;

It is ordered on this sixteenth day of June, eighteen hundred and eighty-three, on motion of Cuff and Howell, of counsel with the complainant, ordered, that the unknown owners of all that certain tract of land situate in the Township of Bloomfield, in the County of Essex, and State of New Jersey, died seized, situate lying and being on the west side of Walnut Street in said Township of Bloomfield, bounded on the north by land of William Brookes, on the east by land of the Township of Bloomfield, on the south by lands of Michael Owens, and on the west by lands of Frank Moran, do appear, plead, answer or demur to the complainant's bill on or before the seventh day of December next, or that, in default thereof, such decree be made against them as the court shall think equitable and just. And it is further ordered that this order shall within twenty days hereafter be published in The Bloomfield Citizen, a newspaper printed at Bloomfield in this State, and continued therein at least once a week to within ten days of the expiration of the time herein limited for pleading, answering or demurring, and that within the same time a copy thereof be sent by mail, with the original, to the said Hannah Cusick and George Saunders, directed to their post office address, if the same can be ascertained.

DAVID A. DEPUCE, Judge.

Public Sale of Real Estate.

Notice is hereby given, that by virtue of a warrant issued by the Township Committee of the Township of Bloomfield, in the County of Essex, and State of New Jersey, to make the unpaid taxes assessed on lands, tenements, hereditaments, and real estate, in said Township, in the year 1881, the subscriber, Collector of Taxes for the said Township, will, on the eighth day of September next, at the hour of 2 P. M. at his office in Library Hall in said Township, sell the lands, tenements, hereditaments, and real estate, under and described at public vendue, for the shortest term not exceeding thirty years, for which any person or persons will agree to take the same, and pay such taxes, with the interest thereon, from the twentieth day of October, A. D. one thousand eight hundred and eighty-one, together with all costs, fees, charges, and expenses.

76. Lyon, Wm. One house, 2 acres, part of the farm formerly belonging to Mrs. Cynthia Van Winkle, lying on West side of East Road. 38.41
113. Sigler, Est. John M. One house, 1 acre, S. J. C. Brokaw, E. S. River, S. J. C. Jones, W. Pat. Road. 15.58
121. Van Winkle, Hiram and Wm. 16 acres N. S. J. C. Brokaw, E. S. River, S. J. C. Jones, W. Pat. Road. 9.84
213. Cortantier, Louis. One house, N. Bay Lane, E. Est. of W. S. Baldwin; S. J. C. Jones, W. Pat. Road. 36.42
249. Clark, Woodruff. One house, N. Mrs. M. J. C. Brokaw, E. S. River, S. J. C. Jones, W. Pat. Road. 34.56
502. Kent, Aaron H. One house, 1 acre, N. Old Road, E. Jacob Richter, S. Est. of C. C. C. Brokaw, E. S. River, S. J. C. Jones, W. Pat. Road. 30.78
546. McDowell, Chas. One house, N. Canal Street, E. Est. of J. M. Bonnell; S. Montclair R. R. 44.32
634. Beck, Gilbert H. One house, N. Beach Street, E. S. C. Ward; S. Est. of J. C. C. Brokaw, E. S. River, S. J. C. Jones, W. Pat. Road. 55.36
841. Willett, Chas. S. Coal yard, N. S. A. Newport, E. Morris Canal; S. Peloubet, Pelton & Street, Spruce Street. 18.24
945. Widen, E. S. One house, 19 acres, N. Sherman Ave., E. Benson Street; S. Ridge Road, N. W. West side of East Road. 91.30
913. Weeks, Est. Dr. Cyrus. One house, 3 1/2 acres, N. Old Road, or Franklin Street; S. J. C. Brokaw, E. S. River, S. J. C. Jones, W. Pat. Road. 155.68
945. Widen, E. S. One house, N. Wm. Brokaw, E. S. River, S. J. C. Jones, W. Pat. Road. 4.50
977. Cunningham, Pat. One house, N. Liberty Street, E. Mary McLeague and S. C. Ward; S. John Collins; W. Lot 10. 9.00
1185. Morgan, Est. Philip. One house, N. Morris Canal; W. Morris Canal; S. J. C. Brokaw, E. S. River, S. J. C. Jones, W. Pat. Road. 12.40
157. O'Connor, John. One house, N. John C. C. Brokaw, E. S. River, S. J. C. Jones, W. Pat. Road. 8.34
170. Osborn, Elias S. One house, N. Harry Brown; E. Williamson Ave.; S. Montclair R. R. 54.42
213. Van Winkle, Cornelius. One house and store, N. John Boyd, Sam. Benson, and A. H. Benson; E. S. C. Ward; S. Est. of C. C. C. Brokaw, E. S. River, S. J. C. Jones, W. Pat. Road. 36.48
230. Wiseman, J. W. Formerly two lots, N. Mont St., E. W. Williamson; S. Essex St.; W. Lots 12 and 15, from maps of property formerly of E. Elliott's. 2.50
34. Baldwin, A. N. & Son. One shop, N. H. Dodd; E. Bloomfield Ave.; S. Mrs. Amel Dodd; W. Mrs. Amel Dodd. 67.49
364. First Nat. Bank. One lot, N. Hillside Ave. East side. 9.00
374. Hamilton, H. M. 4 acres, N. Washington St., E. Ridge Road; S. Wm. J. C. Jones, W. Pat. Road. 30.72
407. McGinnis, Michael. One house and shop, N. E. Bloomfield Ave.; S. Est. of James McCormac; W. Thomas Higgins. 11.52
618. Waglin, Conrad. One house, N. Peter Henn; S. Peter Henn; S. Cross St., W. Charles St. 19.30
621. Williams, Henry. One house, N. Willow St., E. James Knowles; S. Rear of lots of Wm. J. C. Jones, W. Pat. Road. 15.44
673. Yost, Mrs. Two houses, N. Mrs. Mary Wilson; E. Bloomfield Ave.; S. Wm. J. C. Jones, W. Pat. Road. 30.72

Payment must be made before the conclusion of the sale; otherwise the property will be immediately resold.

Witness my hand this 11th day of August, A. D. 1883.

ALEXANDER C. MARR, Collector.

TRY

DAVIS'S
CELEBRATED
Philadelphia Creams.

50c. PER QUART.
\$1.00 PER GALLON.

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Wholesale and Retail Dealer in

FREE BURNING AND LEHIGH

COAL,

YARDS, (59 Sheffield Street, Cor. M. & E. R. R. Ave.,

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NEWARK, N. J.

Coal delivered in all parts of Bloomfield.

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Gardening, Grading, Teaming, and all kinds of General Job Work attended to.
Night Soil removed without Odor.

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Oldest Tea and Coffee Store in Newark.

Great reduction in the prices of Tea, Coffee, and Sugar. Prices to conform with the recent auction sales. Good drawing.

BLACK, GREEN, AND JAPAN TEA
18, 20, 25, 30, 35, and 45 cents per lb.,
usually sold elsewhere for 40, 50, 60, and 70 c.

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Of every variety and flavor, strong and rich,
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Sole agent for Bosch's Pure Domestic Wine, especially recommended by physicians for medicinal purposes.

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